

NO FORGETFULNESS.

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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Unrest forever ! First a tranquil home,
 'Mid waving woods and birds and fragrant flowers,
Where no rude sound from man's cold world could come
 To break the dreamy stillness of the hours ;
Then to the crowd, the many brilliant lights—
 The thrilling music and the flushing wine,
The fair young forms whose beauty so invites,
 Thou'st fled—wealth, power, and fame have all been
 thine ;
Then, muttering : " 'Tis in vain, all, all in vain !"
I've seen thee turn away with weary heart and brain.

Greece and Italia, with their classic charms,
 Watched by sad spirits of the ages gone—
With mourning glories in their clasping arms—
 In story's starlight have before thee shone.
Thou'st seen the ruins of chivalric years
 Fling solemn shades by the romantic Rhine—
Ay, the voluptuous beauty that endears
 In Orient lands has met that gaze of thine.
From scene to scene most madly thou hast fled,
And coldly cursed thy fate and called upon—the dead !

Thou'st heard the wildness of the mountain blast
 Call to the pine trees at the midnight hour—
The avalanche's echoed crash has past,
 And thou hast felt not their terrific power.
Thou'st wandered wearily o'er ocean's waves
 In many a bark to many a storied shore,
And sought strange secrets from the genii's caves,
 Whose whispers only said : " No more, no more !"
Thou'st bent above Niagara's stormy spray—
Did its eternal roar drive that wild thought away ?

Far through the starry sadness of the night,
 With poet-reverence thou hast sent thy sighs,
And mused the while on forms of breathing light,
 Whose love and glory wait beyond the skies.
Then mid the chaos of the storm thou'st stood,
 The thought of thine existence there to lose—
But in thy vast heart's sighing solitude
 That memory lived beneath its poisoned dews !
Has aught the power to exorcise regret ?
Have you forgot ? Alas, and can you e'er forget ?

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